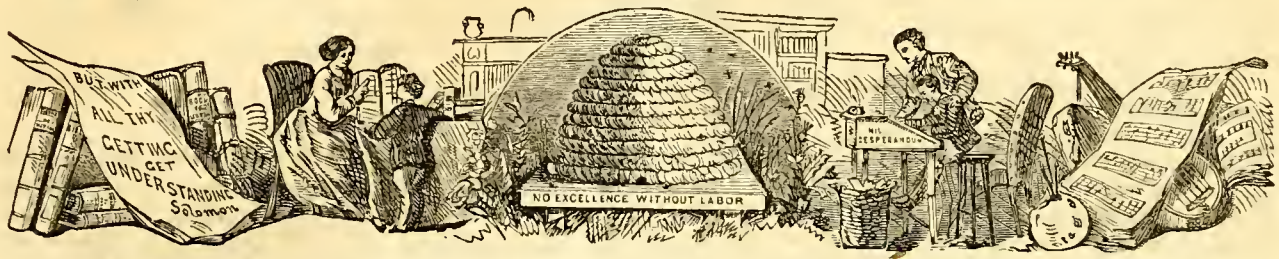


# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 4:

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

NO. 15.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

**T**HERE are but few of our little readers who have not heard of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, or, to give his name in full, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He is a very noted man, and is now the Emperor of the French. The engraving which we give herewith is a portrait of him.

He is not the first of the name; his uncle was a very famous man; his name was Napoleon Bonaparte. He rose from the rank of Lieutenant of artillery, to be the Emperor of the French. His life reads like a romance. His military genius and ambition terrified the nations of Europe, but from being their terror, he became their prisoner. The Duke of Wellington, an English General, gained a great victory over him at Waterloo. This was on the 18th of June, 1815. His army was overthrown; but he escaped from the field, and, it is said, hoped to be able to reach the United States. The English war vessels were on the watch, however, and he could not evade them. He gave himself up to the captain of one of them, and claimed the hospitality of England. But he was sent a prisoner to the island of St. Helena, where he died after being in bondage nearly six years.

The wife of the Emperor Napoleon I. was Josephine. She was a widow and had two children—Eugene and Hortense. Hortense was married by the Emperor to his brother Louis. He made Louis King of Holland. The present Emperor was their third son, and when he was born (1808) his uncle was in the height of his glory, and, of course, that glory reflected upon



every member of his family. At Louis Napoleon's birth the prospects of the family were very brilliant; but, when Napoleon I. fell, all these prospects were dashed to the ground. Louis was then dead and Queen Hortense went into exile with her two sons. She moved from place to place, her chief employment being the education of her sons. Louis Napoleon displayed the greatest eagerness for study, and ardently pursued all knowledge bearing upon military matters. When these boys grew up they asked the King of France, Louis Philippe, to allow them to return to France; but he refused. They afterwards took part in a revolution in Italy, but their party was defeated and they became fugitives. The elder brother was stricken down with fever and died in Louis Napoleon's arms. This was in the year 1831. The only way that Louis Napoleon could escape from the Austrians at this time was by wearing the livery of a footman. He succeeded in reaching France, and with his mother, went to Paris. He was sick there, and his mother asked permission to remain for a short time; but her request was denied, and they went to London. In a short time they went to Switzerland. In 1831, he

concluded he would go to France and try his influence with the French soldiers. He had an idea that they would desert Louis Philippe and follow him, because he was a Bonaparte. But he was disappointed. He was made prisoner and was placed in a dungeon. Louis Philippe laughed at the idea of this young Bonaparte trying to get the throne, and he shipped him off to



the United States. Hearing that his mother was dangerously ill, he returned to Switzerland, though by so doing he risked his liberty and perhaps his life. She died two months after his arrival. The French government demanded him of Switzerland, and he left there and went to England. It is told of him that on one of his visits to England he acted as a special policeman on one occasion in London.

With a few followers he made another attempt to overthrow the government of Louis Philippe. He sailed from Margate, England, to Boulogne, France. He was again captured, was tried before the Chamber of Peers, found guilty of high treason and was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. But six years had scarcely elapsed before he contrived to escape in the disguise of a workman. Again he went to London. Shortly after this the government of Louis Philippe was overthrown, who was compelled to flee, and a republic was established. He and the other members of the Bonaparte family were then permitted to return to France. Shortly afterwards he put himself in nomination for election as president of the republic, and was voted in by an overwhelming majority. By a bold stroke, known in history as the *coup d'état*, he overthrew French liberty and contrived to secure his re-election, not for four but for ten years. The next year he appealed to the votes of the people for the title of Emperor, which was granted. The next year (1853) he married Eugenie, Countess de Faba, a Spanish lady, who has borne him a son.

Louis Napoleon has wielded great power since he became Emperor. Though not so warlike and aggressive as his uncle, he is a man of great ability, and has been much feared in Europe. His power and influence have been waning of late. He tried to establish an empire in Mexico, and have Maximilian, an arch-duke of Austria, be the Emperor. His scheme was a complete failure. Maximilian was captured and shot, and the blame of his death has rested to a great extent upon Louis Napoleon. What the future has in store for the latter remains to be seen. He holds his position more by force than by love. He has many active enemies, and should a favorable opportunity present itself he may be overthrown, and die in comparative obscurity, or he may yet distinguish himself still more than he has done, for he is a man of commanding abilities.

One of his biographers thus writes about this remarkable man:

"Born in a palace, for a while the heir-presumptive of the greatest monarch in Europe, he was afterwards thrown headlong from that high estate, and condemned, in obscurity and exile, to associate with the sons of tradesmen and farmers; to be to-day the companion of cardinals, popes, and kings, and to sleep to-morrow on a heap of stones in the street, in the disguise of a livery servant; to be hidden during eight days, in a burning fever, in the midst of Austrian troops, who were eager to take his life; to fight as a common soldier and a rebel, in the hope of overthrowing a hateful form of despotism; to have his brother die in his arms; to wander about in sickness, hunger, and dejection; to take refuge in common taverns; to tread the soil of France as an outlaw, at the peril of his life; to organize repeated insurrections; to be in prison; to lie in a dungeon; to write treatises on pauperism and the sugar question; to mingle with the haughty nobles of England at a tournament; to be the president of a republic; to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded of making himself emperor; to be the ally, on terms of equality, of the strongest government in Europe; and, in conjunction with Great Britain, to subdue the armies of Russia, and to compel her Czar to sue humbly for peace in that capitulation which, forty-two years before, on that self-same day, he had entered as a conqueror."

WISDOM.—She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### C A R B O N .

IF a piece of wood is placed in an iron vessel, the mouth of which is closed with clay in such a manner as to allow any gases which are generated to escape, upon placing it in the fire, to become red hot, all the volatile matter of the wood will escape. Upon examining the wood, after the vessel is cool, it will be found changed in appearance. It is carbon, or charcoal; a black, porous, opaque substance, without smell, and insoluble in water. All vegetable matter submitted to the same baking process, leaves a residuum of carbon; animal matter also, when distilled, leaves a cinder containing that substance.

But it is with the *element* called carbon, we have now to do, of which the black, charred mass gives a very imperfect idea. The diamond is also carbon in a crystallized form; the black-lead in our pencils is the same substance in another form. Coke, coal, lamp-black are all modifications of this element.

Hold a piece of glass over the candle or lamp, it is blackened; oil and fat contain carbon, white and opaque in the candle, transparent as water in the naphtha of the lamp. Take the charcoal made by distillation, as described above, and *burn* it. It is still carbon, although unseen; it has united with another element, it is *dissolved* in the oxygen of the air, it is  $C\ 2\ O$ , carbonic acid gas.

There is another proportion in which oxygen unites with carbon. When a cast iron stove gets very hot, or, when a sheet iron stove gets red hot,  $C\ O$  (carbonic oxide) is formed. The reason why there is a difference in cast and sheet iron is, the first is more porous than the other. The cast iron, at a high temperature allows carbon to pass through its pores, when it only becomes imperfectly oxidized, one atom of  $C$  plus one atom of  $O$ . This gas is very poisonous, it is combustible and may be seen burning in the fire, at times, when the draught is not good. It burns with a beautiful pale blue flame. When burning it unites with another proportion of oxygen, forming  $C\ 2\ O$  (carbonic acid.) But when iron is red hot, whether it is cast or wrought iron, the carbonic acid existing in the atmosphere is acted on, one half of its oxygen is removed and it becomes converted into carbonic oxide.

There are, then, two distinct compounds of carbon and oxygen, both of which are poisonous gases when breathed into the lungs, unless largely diluted, as, for instance, in the air we breathe; it is only in badly ventilated rooms, where there is danger from an excess of carbonic acid, and where there are stoves without proper chimneys, that carbonic *oxide* is dangerous.

The gases may be readily formed for experimental purposes, as will be explained in a subsequent lesson; it is well, however, to remember the properties named, *as affecting life*, for the breathing of impure air kills, just as surely; if not so quickly, as a more concentrated poison!

The supply of carbon to plants is by means of carbonic acid, by processes which have been explained in a former article, the oxygen is separated, and the solid vegetable tissues are built up. It will be remembered that every time we expire from the lungs carbonic acid gas is removed. The way to demonstrate this has been shown: by passing the breath through lime water. We can now understand better the reason of this. Lime water is a solution of caustic lime, that is, of lime which has been



deprived by burning of its carbonic acid. Upon passing the breath through such a solution, carbonic acid is restored to the caustic lime, bringing it back again to the condition of common chalk, which is technically called carbonate of lime. In this way the human breath may be analysed, for the nitrogen is set free from the carbonic acid, which is now solidified in the chalk.

Such are some of the protean-like changes to which carbon is subject; even the carbonic acid gas itself can, by means within the reach of science, be converted, by pressure and intense cold, into, first, a liquid, and afterwards into a solid state. In this condition the mass is not black; the oxygen in union with the carbon, modifies it. Neither is carbon black in the sparkling, delicious water, which owes its life-giving qualities to the presence of carbon in union with oxygen. Neither is it black in the paper we are now reading, although it is a constituent of the paper, quite as much as it is of the ink upon the surface. Perhaps the beautiful diamond, after all, more nearly resembles the element carbon, than the sooty lamp black, or the harsh, black charcoal of the smithy!

BETH.

(To be Continued.)

## HOW THERMOMETERS ARE MADE.

"WHAT is this?" said Lawrence, picking up a piece of glass from the floor. "It looks like a broken thermometer-tube."

"It was blown for one," said the gaffer.

"Blown?—so small!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I can't find any hole in it!"

"It has a hole, or *bore*, as we call it—of the usual size, but it is flat. That is to make a very little mercury look to be a good deal. Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the tube?" Lawrence saw it, and said he had often observed the stripe in the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

"It is a background to see the mercury against. Would you like to see such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man."

With delight and curiosity Lawrence watched. The man was gathering a lump of metal from one of the pots. He blew into it gently, and shaped it on a marver, flattening it until it resembled in form and size that part of a sword-hilt that is grasped by the hand.

"In flattening it," said the gaffer, "he flattened the bubble of air he had blown into it." Lawrence looked, and could see the bubble, about as broad as his finger, extending through the glass. "That is to be the bore of the thermometer—though of itself it is now larger than two or three of the thermometer tubes. Now they are going to put on the stripe."

A boy brought a lump of melted opaque white glass on a ponty. It was touched to the now hardened sword-hilt, and drawn from end to end along the flat side, leaving a stripe about as broad as a lady's finger. The sword hilt, with the stripe carefully pressed down and hardened upon it, was now plunged into a pot of melted glass, and thickly coated; the soft exterior was rounded on a marver, until the entire body of glass, enclosing the stripe and the flattened bore, was in size and shape a little longer and considerably larger than a banana.

This was now slowly heated to a melting state. Then came forward a boy with a ponty, bearing on its end a piece of glass resembling an inverted conical inkstand. This he set upright on the ground, the bottom of the inkstand uppermost. The blower, with the melting lump, now advanced, and held it over the ponty, until the soft mass dropped down and touched the

bottom of the inkstand, to which it adhered. The man and the boy held the lump a moment between them; and then, at the word of command, the boy shouldered his ponty, like a very large staff with a very small bundle on the end of it, and set out to travel. As he ran in one direction, into a workroom, the man backed off in the other, the glowing lump stretching between them like some miraculous kind of spruce gum. In a minute they were seventy or eighty feet apart with a gleaming cord of glass, smaller than a pipe stem, sagging between them. This was presently lowered, laid out at its full length upon the ground, and broken from what was left of the lump at the ends.

Even the Doctor, who had hitherto said little, now expressed his astonishment and admiration, exclaiming, "It is marvelous! it is truly marvelous!"

"Of course," said the gaffer, "the bore stretches with the tube, and keeps its flattened shape. So does the stripe."

"But what keeps the tube of uniform size? Why don't it break?" said Lawrence.

"The reason is this. As the glass runs out thin, it cools, and stops stretching, while it continues to draw out the soft glass from the thicker parts at the ends. If we wish to make a small tube, we stretch it quick, without giving it much time to cool. To make a large tube we stretch slower. Here is a piece of barometer tubing, stretched in the same way; so is this lot of homœopathic medicine vials." The "vials" were a small stack of hollow glass canes, about five feet in length, standing in a corner of the work room, into which the visitors had followed the boy. "Though, of course," added the gaffer, "to make them, we don't flatten the bore, but only blow it larger."

"Then how are vials made out of these tubes?"

"They are cut into pieces of the right length, then the bottoms are melted and closed in by means of a common blow pipe, such as chemists use."

Lawrence was about to ask a similar question with regard to thermometers, when a man came along, and, stooping, commenced cutting the long tube into uniform lengths of about five feet, and packing them together into a narrow, long box.

"These," said the gaffer, "he sends to his shop in Boston,—for he is a thermometer maker; there they are cut up into tubes of the right length; an end of each one is melted and blown out into a bulb,—the tube itself serving as a very small blowing-pipe. To avoid getting moisture into the bulb, instead of breath from the mouth, air from a small india-rubber bag is used. As the bag is squeezed at one end, the bulb swells at the other."

"Then how is the mercury put in? So small a bore!" said Lawrence, trying to find it with a pin point.

"The glass is heated, and that expands the air in it, and expels the greater part of it. As the air that is left cools and contracts, it is made to suck in the mercury. To expel the rest of the air, the mercury is boiled in the tube. When there is enough mercury in the tube to fill it, at as high a degree of temperature as it is expected ever to go, the end is softened, bent over, and closed up. As the mercury cools and contracts, it leaves a vacuum at the upper end of the tube."—*Our Young Folks.*

A LITTLE boy, seeing a man sauntering about a public-house door, counting some money held in his hand, and evidently about to go into the public-house, stepped up to him and said, "Don't go in there." The man put his hand, with the money, in his pocket, thanked the little boy for his advice, and did not go in.



## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**S**UCH firing of guns, exploding of crackers, and fizzing of Roman candles and rockets as there were in this city on the evening of the 3rd of July were scarcely ever heard here before. Almost every boy one met on the street had his pockets full of articles to fire off, and it was pop, pop, pop on every hand. Some boys were very reckless with their gunpowder, and crackers and fire. Several girls had their dresses burned by mischievous boys throwing crackers at them. This was very bad. When a boy obtains his fun by teasing or injuring some other person, he takes a mean way of gratifying himself. We expect there were very many persons in town who were glad when all this firing and noise had ceased, for they are not pleasant to people of weak nerves. The Fourth was Sunday, so Independence Day was commemorated on the fifth, and a glorious day it was too. The weather was exceedingly fine, and every one appeared to be in excellent humor. The procession through the streets was exceedingly grand, and although we greatly admired the display of fruits, grains, vegetables and workmanship of various kinds which were in the procession, yet we thought the numerous children, who were out in their day and Sunday schools, dressed in their best and wearing happy faces, the most beautiful feature in the scene. And then their appearance in the New Tabernacle was magnificent. The services were rather long, but they sat very patiently until they were ended. The children will probably never forget the celebration of Independence in 1869.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

### AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

#### CHAPTER II.

ON THE OCEAN—SEA SICKNESS.

**Y**ESTERDAY completed our plans, and this morning we are ready to sail. A lovely dawning greets us. All nature looks happy and smiling, and the waves of the ocean are glittering in the sunlight, and seem to invite us to hasten and meet them. Our little vessels too, with their sails ready to be unfurled to the breeze, seem to beckon appealingly to us to hasten aboard and loosen them from their moorings, that they may sail "far away on the billow." And we, who are to form the crews of those two noble little vessels, are fully as anxious to sail, that we may experience some of the novelties of a life on the ocean; but, like all others, we want to bid our friends and relatives good-bye. We want to take with us their parting adieus, good wishes and prayers. Summons comes that all is ready; we must hasten away. Our captain, who has spent many years on the waters, and who has visited the Arctic Re-

gions, is anxious to get his little squadron under way; and as he is our chosen commander, we hasten to obey his orders.

All aboard, we set sail, and are soon gliding over the ocean. "God bless you." "A speedy return," and such like ejaculations are wafted to our ears as we sail away. The distance between us and land increases until we are losing sight of the church spires, steeples and cities along the coast together; they become mere specks in the distance, and are lost to view. Our course will be northward on the Atlantic Ocean, up through Davis' Straits, into Baffin's Bay, then a westerly course through Lancaster Sound, and as much farther as will add interest and pleasure to the voyage. We soon realize the transition from land and home associations, to the discomforts and inconvenience of a life on the waters, for with its pleasures and novelties, we must expect some trials connected with a "life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep."

Sea sickness is the beginning of our annoyances. The rocking of the vessel has, with a few exceptions, made all on board sick; and although we are not so bad as to wish ourselves at home again, we heartily wish for a change of feelings; a change for the better. Many with pale faces and gloomy countenances, are casting up their last meal of victuals. Others, less affected, are disposed to have a little fun at the expense of their unfortunate companions. Hard hearted creatures! But just wait a few hours; perhaps their sympathies will be aroused after awhile. They only need a little of our experience in the matter to understand fully the disagreeable feelings with which we are afflicted. Perhaps they will be like the sea-sick traveler, who, the first hour was afraid he would die, and the next, wished he could. But we must not get discouraged at such little annoyances as these, for "life is a sea of troubles," and this, when compared with others, can hardly be considered one of them. Night is closing around us, and we realize more fully our position. A heavy breeze is setting in, and the vessel is rocking and rolling with the apparent intention of upsetting us all into the sea if possible. With such a jarring, of course, our condition is not improved; but we are consoled in the thought that our companions, who were so mirthful over our first attack, are in no condition for jollity, but like ourselves, fate has decreed that they must suffer a little also. Everything that has not a firm hold, is tumbling and rolling into the middle of the floor. The lamps can scarcely burn for shaking, but shed a glimmering light over the pale faces of the crew, who are unable to maintain a standing position.

What a sick, but hopeful set of juveniles we are. Surely tomorrow will produce a change, and the time must come when we can laugh over this, our first day on the ocean; when enjoying the blessing of sound health, we can almost forget that such a day has been added to the many that make up our lives. The chaplain calls us to prayers; he had better come to us, for at the rate the vessel is plunging along, we would prefer not to change our positions for fear, like the pots and kettles on board, we should be rolled we know not whither, except it be to the farthest limits of the cabin, and there left to the mercy of some of our less afflicted brothers and sisters, who might take pity on us and put us to bed.

Our captain is as tranquil as a summer's morning, and assures us that in a few days all will be well. Thus ends our first day on the ocean, and we retire to our berths. "To find a little rest in sleep; perchance to dream of home."

RAMTHA.

*(To be Continued)*

WHICH will you do, smile and make others happy, or be cross and make everybody around you miserable.



*For the Juvenile Instructor.***A CONTENTED GROUP.**

HERE is a very interesting group of children. The three girls appear to be sitting on a rock or bank under a little tree, and the eldest is reading a book aloud, while the other two are listening very attentively. The little one is playing with the flowers, or throwing stones into the brooklet, while the boy is playing with the dog, who seems disposed to share what his young master has in his bowl. But they all appear so contented and happy, just as good boys and girls always do. There is no fighting or quarreling amongst them, even the dog looks pleased. You see those little girls love their books, and would rather read and learn something, than to spend all their time in noisy play and bad company. They are likely to become good, intelligent and useful women; and so can you if you wish. If you have learned to read you will find great pleasure in perusing a good book, and if you have not, you can ask your papa and mamma to tell you about the sun, moon and stars, and who made them all; and about the earth you live on,



the mountains and rivers, and rocks, the trees, flowers, fruits, vegetables and grain; and then about the animals and of what use they are, and learn how good God has been to give us all that is necessary for our happiness. Do not be afraid to ask questions, and find out all you want to know. And then by and by you must learn your letters and learn to read, so that you can understand what God says to you in the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants; and you will find a great many things in those books that will be very interesting, even to little folks like you.

**WILHELM, THE KNIFE-GRINDER.**

*From "MEN WHO HAVE RISEN."—Published by Allen & Co. New York.*

[CONCLUDED.]

BRUSSELS is a fine city. There is the Park, with its fine, broad gravel walks, and its old green shady walnut-trees, and then there is the Botanic Garden, with its orange grove as old as the Prince of Orange himself, and there are galleries, and museums, and many other sights, all agreeable to look upon and profitable to contemplate. Ritter Van Ostt would ask Lelie Voss to accompany him to all these places, and Lelie, who had been at them already with Wilhelm, would refuse, and declare that she had sufficiently seen them; and then Ritter would appeal to Wilhelm, who, remembering how happy she had been

with him, would urge her to go for her own sake, but always in such tones that Lelie would still refuse three times out of five. And what was it that stirred Wilhelm Voss when Lelie would reluctantly go with Ritter? Was it the old sensation of his poor and lonely years—his sense of friendlessness that came back upon him? It was a strange vague feeling—a dread of nothingness, that stole over his heart as if to extinguish it. Ah, if Lelie were to leave him now! and then the tears would rush into his manly eyes, and Wilhelm knew that he loved her. It is a truth, and an almost universal one, that the strongest and most beautiful minds feel most sensitively the oppression of corporal infirmities. Wilhelm was lame, and he knew that Lelie was surpassing beautiful. He was only twelve years her senior, and he had known, loved, and tended her longer than any other mortal had; but though he had deemed himself fit to be a father and instructor to Lelie, he was convinced that she would hardly reckon him a fit companion to brighten and sustain her life—a worthy object to whom she might apply the name of husband.

"Ah! well, Wilhelm, I shall tell Myneer Van Ostt to walk by himself, henceforth," said Lelie, gravely, as she threw off her cloak and hood after one of her walks. "I am done with him."

"And why, dear Lelie?" said Wilhelm.

"For various weighty reasons," said Lelie, smiling, "but chiefly on my own account."

"And how on your own account?" said Wilhelm, earnestly.

"Lest I should fall in love with so stupid a creature," said Lelie, laughing; "and then, you know, according to your theory, I should become like him."

Wilhelm was silent for a few moments, and then he said, "So you would prefer some other companion to Ritter, Lelie?"

"Ay, that I would, to all the Ritters in the Netherlands. Do you think, my own Wilhelm, that I am happy when I am in the gardens with Ritter Van Ostt? Ah, if you do, how mistaken you are!"

Wilhelm was troubled, and then quietly said, "Ritter Van Ostt is a man of substance and of honest fame —"

"Oh, fame!" cried Lelie, interrupting him; "that he blows forth most lustily himself; they should put a trumpet in his hand when they erect his statue on the top of the Town-House."

"I have asked you to go with Ritter merely because I thought it would be pleasant for you to see the green trees, and to inhale the fragrance of the flowers."

"Then you should come with us if you wish them to be beautiful in themselves, or agreeable to me," said Lelie, with charming naivete.

Wilhelm looked at his protegee in amazement, and then a sweet smile overspread his face, as he replied, "And so you prefer to talk to Wilhelm and to walk with him, although he is not the finest talker or walker in Belgium."

"This hearth is the brightest spot I know or have ever known on earth," said Lelie, in low, tremulous, earnest tones. "This face is the handsomest to me in the world," she continued, as she leant upon Wilhelm's breast and spread back the dark curls from his brow. "These lips have ever been the sweetest exponents of wisdom and goodness that I have known. Ah, Wilhelm, Wilhelm! what should poor Lelie do if you were to bid her leave you?"

The knife-grinder caught the earnest tearful girl in his arms, and he gazed into her face. Was he dreaming? Was this some passing illusion too bright to last? Ah! no; for truth in its integrity and purity was reflected in her eyes. Through the vista of a few years he saw himself a poor and ragged youth, friendless and almost spiritless, plodding the streets of his



native city for the precarious bread derived from a precarious calling. He saw a little girl thrown in his path, even more friendless and wretched than he. The political economist who draws conclusions only after casual reflections and with arithmetical precision, would inevitably have seen in the adoption of this child by Wilhelm an addition to his misery; but, by a law which political economists and philosophers have never been able to write down, the blessing had come with the burden. A good deed more than rewards itself; the deed is but the action of a moment; the reward begins on earth, and goes on increasing through eternity. From a drooping, almost satisfied, son of poverty, Wilhelm, by the stirring of the nobler impulses of his nature, had grown slowly and gradually into a refined and honored man, and Lelie, from a beggar and an outcast, had been trained into beauty, goodness, and virtue.

"Well, Wilhelm, I consider it but right as a matter of courtesy, and what not?" said Ritter. Ritter always finished his sentences with the words, "and what not." "I consider it right," said he, "to let you know that it is time Lelie was married."

"I was thinking so myself," said Wilhelm, as he leant over his counter, and smiled in the face of Van Ostt.

"And I consider it but right to let you know that I mean to have her, which, I dare say, will be as agreeable to you as to her, and what not?" said Ritter, cocking up his beaver and swelling out his cheeks.

"As agreeable to the one as to the other, doubtless," replied Wilhelm, quietly.

"You are a man of substance, Voss," said the skinner, looking more important than ever he had done, "and it is to be hoped that you will be liberal to the girl."

"I have never laid past a stiver but her share was in it," said Wilhelm, seriously; she shall have my all when she marries."

"I always said that you was a good fellow and a liberal fellow, and what not?" said Ritter, grasping Wilhelm's hand, and slapping him on the shoulder with the other. "Odds Bobs, man, how glad we shall be to see thee in the evenings!"

"I shall keep at home in the evenings as hitherto," replied the knife-grinder, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "my wife will feel lonely without me else."

"Your wife?" said Ritter, staring at Wilhelm; "who is she? when is it to be? and what not?"

"Why, Lelie has her wedding garments to make, and what not?" said Wilhelm, laughing outright; "but whenever she says the word, I am ready."

"Lelie! you!" cried Ritter in amazement, as he looked at Wilhelm, and then, strutting up and down the shop, looked first at his limbs, and then at the cloth of his doublet. "Well, who ever heard of the like."

"Ay, ay, Ritter, and so you envied me of my little girl, did you?" said Wilhelm, smiling; "she wouldn't have you, though, although you were twice as large and rich as you are. I shall take care and give thee a bidding, however, to our wedding."

Wilhelm and Lelie Voss were the father and mother of honest burghers, and of burghers' lovely wives. Every body loved them who knew them, and their children almost adored them; but there was a class of children who had reason, above all others, to bless their name, and to rejoice that prosperity had not made them forget their own early days. The poor and outcast children of humanity, who roamed the streets in rags, were ever recognised by Wilhelm as brethren in soul and suffering; and little girls who trembled on the verge of youthful purity and irreclaimable vice, were sisters to the bosom of Madame Lelie. Holy, purifying suffering! which, like the crucible of clay that is continent of gold, refines while it burns,

how many have passed through thy ordeal preparatory to a mission of love and beneficence!

Who so active as Wilhelm in founding the Foundling Hospital of Brussels? and who so careful in tending the school for orphans as Lelie? And Wilhelm and Lelie had means and time, too, to attend to these things; for he became burgomaster of all the crafts, and rich to boot, and lived at last in the Park where he once limped about, a poor itinerant knife-grinder.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## Little Willie,

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

**F**ACEBY was not, in reality, a part of Willie's appointed field of labor. It was too far in the north to form a part of his district, but he was led there by the whisperings of the spirit of God, just as Philip was led to go and preach Jesus to the Eunuch.

Willie now went to Knaresborough, nearly forty miles distant from Faceby, which was then the most central part of his labors. Here he visited a young lady, an invalid, who had been confined to her bed for about ten years. This lady had long been favorable to the truth, and many of her Christian friends had become alarmed at her preference. She told Willie on his arrival, that a gentleman, a minister of the Reformed Methodist church, had just been to visit her. He told her that the Latter-day Saints were a wicked people, and that they preached false doctrine; and requested that she would arrange with the next "Mormon" Elder that should visit her, to meet him in her room, where they would have a conversation upon the doctrines believed in by the "Mormons;" and he felt assured that he could tear away the mask, and prove to her that "Mormonism" was entirely without foundation.

After narrating the above, she inquired whether Willie would meet the gentleman agreeable to his request. Willie answered that he would. A note was then written to the minister and forwarded by a servant. On receipt of the note, the minister came in great haste. A formal introduction was given, and the minister, assuming much importance, took his seat.

Minister.—"Are you a Mormon Elder?"

Willie.—"I sometimes receive that appellation, sir."

Minister.—"Well, of late, I have felt a great desire to have a conversation with a Mormon Elder. Please answer me candidly: do you believe in the doctrine of baptism for the dead?"

Willie.—"May I be allowed to ask, sir, if you believe in baptism for the living?"

Minister.—"To be candid, sir, I must confess that I am not fully decided in its favor."

Willie.—"I am of the opinion, sir, that we should appear more consistent were we to discuss the doctrine of baptism for the living, and allow the dead to rest until our own case shall have been fully settled."

Minister.—"Then, if you so urge the matter, we will turn our conversation upon baptism for the living, and after giving that subject due consideration, we will discuss your doctrine of baptism for the dead. When the jailor asked the apostle Paul what he must do to be saved, Paul did not say go and be baptised, but he simply said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."



Willie.—“Are you not mistaken, sir, for by continuing the same passage, we read that in the same hour of the night, the jailor and his household were baptized. If Paul did not tell them to be baptized, why were they baptized, and that, too, in the same hour of the night?”

Minister.—“If they were baptized, the passage does not state that they were so commanded.”

Willie.—“It is evident that Paul told them to be baptized, or they would not have done it; besides if he did tell them so, it was only in perfect keeping with the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: ‘except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God.’”

Minister.—“Do you mean to say that a man cannot get into the kingdom of heaven unless he be baptized in water?”

Willie.—“I only quoted the words of Jesus, sir. It is He who said so, in whose mouth guile was never found.”

Minister.—“Baptism cannot be essential to salvation; for there are many persons to whose condition baptism will not apply, and to apply would be to violate the divine Word of God, as contained in the Holy Scriptures. For instance, this young lady has been confined to her bed for years, and to take her now, and put her into the water, God’s word would be transgressed.”

Willie.—“In what respect, sir?”

Minister.—“Well, I will prove it to you. ‘Do thyself no harm.’ Is that scripture?”

Willie.—“Yes, sir.”

Minister.—“‘Thou shalt not kill.’ Is that scripture?”

Willie.—“Yes, sir.”

Minister.—“Then baptism cannot be essential to salvation, for here is a case to which it will not apply. Now, were you to baptise this lady in water, it is very probable that it would cause her death, and remember ‘thou shalt not kill.’ And again, should it not be the cause of her death, it would most assuredly do her harm, and the scripture emphatically says ‘do thyself no harm.’”

Willie.—“Allow me, sir, the privilege of quoting scripture in the abstract, as you now have done, and I can prove (allowing it to be your guide) that you are required to go and hang yourself.”

Minister.—“What did you say, sir, that you could prove from the Bible that I must go and hang myself?”

Willie.—“I did, sir.”

Minister.—“Then I demand your proof, sir.”

Willie.—“Remember, sir, that I am to be allowed to quote scripture in the abstract, as you have done.”

Minister.—“Proceed, sir.”

Willie.—“‘And Judas went out and hanged himself.’ Is that scripture?”

Minister.—“Yes sir.”

Willie.—“‘Go, thou, and do likewise.’ Is that scripture, sir?”

Here the minister would not answer.

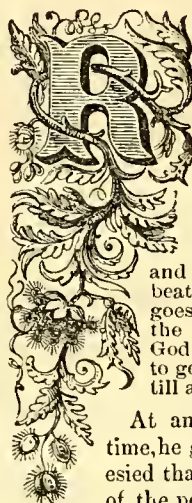
Willie.—“And ‘what thou doest, do quickly.’ Is that scripture, sir?” The last question was too much for the minister. He rose from his seat in a fit of desperation, and frantically rushed into the street. Willie and the lady could not help laughing at his ludicrous appearance, and the unceremonious manner in which he had left them.

WM. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



RESPECTING this exploring expedition, of which mention was made in the last number but one, Joseph said at a subsequent meeting that he wanted an exploration of all the mountain country. He said:

“Send twenty-five men: let them preach the gospel wherever they go. Let that man go that can raise \$500, a good horse and mule, a double-barreled gun, one-barrel rifle, and the other smooth bore, a saddle and bridle, a pair of revolving pistols, bowie-knife, and a good sabre. Appoint a leader, and let him beat up for volunteers. I want every man that goes to be a king and a priest. When he gets on the mountains he may want to talk with his God; when with the savage nations have power to govern, etc. If we don’t get volunteers, wait till after the election.”

At another meeting, which was held about this time, he gave some important instructions, and prophesied that within five years the Saints should be out of the power of their old enemies, whether they were apostates or of the world. He told the brethren to record the prediction, that when it should come to pass they need not say they had forgotten the saying. This prophecy was uttered on the 25th of February, 1844. His words were most literally fulfilled. Within that five years mobs raged so violently that Nauvoo had to be abandoned, the Saints fled into the wilderness. President Young and the pioneers who were with him found Salt Lake Valley, and selected it as a place of settlement, thousands of Saints removed here, and they were out of the power of their old enemies, and were a free people! No one without the spirit of inspiration could have foreseen and predicted such a series of events as occurred in rapid succession within the first five years succeeding the time when Joseph made this prediction. Within that period a mighty stride was taken by the Church of God towards that independence which the Lord has promised it shall possess.

On the 7th of March Joseph held a general meeting within the walls of the Temple for the purpose of advancing the progress of the Temple. There were present, besides himself, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, President B. Young, and seven others of the Twelve, the Temple committee and about eight thousand Saints. In alluding to correspondence which had been sent to the newspapers east, in which it had been stated that the Temple could not be built on account of it costing so much, he said:

“Who does not know that we can put the roof on the building this season, if we had a mind to? By turning all the means from the Nauvoo House and doubling our diligence, we can do it.”

In the course of his remarks he made allusion to the objections which were being made to the admission of Texas into the Union on account of slavery. He thought it the very reason why she should be received. Said he:

“The South holds the balance of power. By annexing Texas I can do away with this evil. As soon as Texas was annexed, I would liberate the slaves in two or three states, indemnifying their owners, and send the negroes to Texas, and from Texas to Mexico, where all colors are alike. And if that was not sufficient, I would call upon Canada, and annex it.”

An old proverb says: “Good counsel breaks no man’s head;” on which some one remarks: “But the neglect to take good counsel has not only broken many a man’s head, but also many a man’s heart.”



A day or two after this meeting the City Council met and took into consideration a petition which had been presented for the repeal of the hog law. Joseph made remarks upon the subject, and among other things said:

"It is one reason why God withdrew his spirit from the earth, because the people were so ready to take the life of animals."

At different times Joseph enforced this idea on the minds of the people, and endeavored to teach them the propriety of treating all the animal creation kindly and as the works of God and not to wantonly kill or abuse them.

Never forget these teachings, children, and when you feel inclined, as many boys do, to kill snakes and toads, and to go hunting birds and rabbits, and other animals, for the pleasure of shooting them and not because you are hungry and want the food, resist the inclination. It is not the spirit of God which leads people to kill birds, animals and other creatures for the mere sake of killing. When people are hungry then they have the privilege given unto them by the Lord to kill and eat to satisfy the cravings of hunger. But if every person on the earth would act upon the counsel and teachings of Joseph on this point, and only kill in times of necessity, what a delightful place the earth would be, and how the spirit of God would be poured out upon the people! The time will come when this happy condition of things will be brought about, in part, by mankind ceasing to kill; for when they no longer wage warfare against the animal creation then the words of the Lord through Isaiah will be fulfilled:

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—*Isaiah, Chap. XI, 6th to 9th verses.*

About these days a man by the name of Miller was preaching to the people in the Eastern States that the coming of Jesus was nigh at hand. He was very confident that he knew all about it, so much so that he asserted He would come on a certain day, and those who believed his doctrine prepared robes so as to be ready to meet Him, and arranged all their affairs in expectation of the event. There was considerable excitement in many places about these teachings, and considerable alarm prevailed upon the subject. Some years ago a gentleman with whom we became acquainted, told us an amusing instance which illustrates this feeling. He had sailed from the East on a whaling voyage, and previous to starting the captain and all hands had heard considerable about Miller's predictions about the destruction of the world. The vessel doubled Cape Horn, and after cruising some time in the Pacific, they took their course for Monterey, California, with the intention of obtaining supplies. Day after day they ploughed their way eastward, and it was noticed that the captain became very uneasy and had men constantly at the mast-head looking out for land. Columbus in pushing his way westward, could not have been more anxious to discover land than this skipper appeared to be. But no land appeared in sight. Finally, the captain confidentially imparted to this gentleman the terrible information that they had long ago passed over the place where Monterey had been, and he had no doubt Father Miller's predictions had been fulfilled and the continent of America with the rest of the world had been destroyed at the time stated. How he imagined this stupendous event had occurred and they not have been aware of it, he did not explain. He still continued, however to sail eastward, and eventually, to his great relief, reached Monterey. The continent had not moved; but it was the skipper that had got out of his reckoning.

Joseph, in one of his sermons, which he delivered on the 10th of March, made a brief allusion to the coming of the Savior. He said:

"I have asked of the Lord, concerning his coming; and while asking the Lord, he gave me a sign and said, 'In the days of Noah I set a bow in the heavens as a sign and token that in any year that the bow should be seen the Lord would not come; but there should be seed time and harvest during that year: but whenever you see the bow withdrawn; it shall be a token that there shall be famine, pestilence, and great distress among the nations, and that the coming of the Messiah is not far distant.'"

"But I will take the responsibility upon myself to prophesy in the name of the Lord that Christ will not come this year, as Father Miller has prophesied, for we have seen the bow; and I also prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that Christ will not come in forty years; and if God ever spoke by my mouth he will not come in that length of time. Brethren, when you go home, write this down, that it may be remembered."

(To be Continued.)

## TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek  
Rather to be good than wise,  
For the thoughts you do not speak  
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be  
Cross or cruel, and look fair,  
Let me tell you how to see  
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,  
And some ugly thought contrive,  
And my word will come to pass  
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have, and what you lack,  
All the same as what you wear,  
You will see reflected back;  
So; my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass  
Will your secrets come to view;  
All beholders, as they pass,  
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,  
Or in eyelids drooping down,  
Like a violet, from the light;  
Badness is a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,  
Every root of beauty starts;  
So think less about your curls,  
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive  
Evil thoughts and feelings far;  
For, as sure as you're alive;  
You will show for what you are.—*Selected.*

## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory  
EVERY OTHER SATURDAY.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00

Single Copy, for Six Months.....1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Sherman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.